The Evening World.

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IS THIS WHERE DEMOCRACY FAILS?

DOES the Congress of the United States at this crisis deserve the confidence of the people of the United States?

The nation, as a nation, is confronted by a foreign power which denies its rights and murders its citizens.

The nation, as a nation, is menaced by an outside force determined upon a course of ruthless barbarity which must inevitably leave a trail of American dead.

The nation, as a nation, is challenged to protect its citizens and save its honor.

How are the representatives of the people of the United States, in Congress assembled, meeting that challenge?

Are they meeting it with prompt subordination of all other interests to the national interest?

Are they meeting it with earnest endeavor to forget all differences for the sake of national unity?

Are they meeting it by merging all lesser aims in one great national purpose?

On the contrary, they are treating the situation as they might treat a bill to raise the First Assistant Postmaster General's salary or a proposal to build Government hotels along the Panama Canal. They are manoeuvring around it, prodding it, squinting for party angles on it, planning to handle it with tactical turns and twists for partisan advantage.

To force an extra session of Congress, on the chance of a possible Republican majority in the House, seems to certain Republican Congressmen much more important than prompt defense of national rights. If lining up with pacifists looks like good politics, why not?

At such a moment the spectacle of Congress cheapening national honor and inviting foreign governments to sneer at our national unity is one to try American patience and American faith.

If this is the best that representative government in the greatest democracy in the world can do when it comes to meeting foreign insult and aggression, then representative government, as this country knows it, is a peril.

Food prices are falling—until the public becomes patient and the time is ripe again.

ONCE LUXURY, NOW NECESSITY.

THE prevailing impression that there have been few more peaceful and profitable pursuits for the last hundred years than the turning of brown sugar into white is confirmed by an attractive little book called "A Century of Sugar Refining in the United States," issued by the American Sugar Refining Company to celebrate the payment of its one hundredth dividend.

In 1816, we are told, the total amount of sugar refined in New York City in a year was somewhere about nine million pounds. To-day the largest refinery of this one company can refine that amount in forty-eight hours. In 1816 a refiner could get from one hundred pounds of raw sugar only about fifty pounds of refined, twenty-five pounds of molasses and twenty-five pounds of so-called bastard sugar. To-day, in the course of from twenty to thirty improved processes of refinement, a loss of only six to seven pounds in every hundred pounds of raw sugar is expected.

Yet the people of the United States took to white sugar slowly. Even as late as 1833 Secretary of the Treasury McClane reported concerning the "Fabrication and Refinement of Sugar":

> "It is thought that the consumption of loaf or refined sugar will not, in the West, keep pace with the progress of population because of the cheapness of coffee, which, to a considerable extent, is taking the place of tea as well as of ardent spirits; and in coffee brown sugar is generally preferred. Still, much refined sugar is used to qualify whiskey, which unhappily continues to be extensively used in the West by certain classes of persons."

Whiskey and white sugar won hands down. The former is having its troubles now. But the latter has no enemies and flourishes beyond belief. All the sugar imported in 1816 would not run the refineries of the United States to-day for forty-eight hours. If it be true that persons cut off from alcoholic drinks turn, with extra appetite, to sweets, the outlook for the sugar refiners of this land is just now fairly dazzling.

Mr. Bryan hastens to Washington in defense of American women left to freeze to death in open boats on the waves of a winter sea.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A very rare case of determination and perseverance under difficulties has developed in Texas, where a woman has just lost her tenth husband.—Baltimore American.

* * *

Do you realize that if Jonah had met a submarine that whale story would have been different? Think it over.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Citizens loud in protesting that they will not go to war should remember that war may come to them.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

* * *

In France a young man matrimonially inclined sometimes thinks about the "Got;" in this country he thinks about it, too, but he spells it "d-o-u-g-h."—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Letters From the People

Seeks U. S. Protection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My father is here from England eight years and is not a citizen. I came over in 1910, being then thirteen. I am about to make a trip to London, and would like to know whether I can obtain my citizenship papers. Can England claim me? I left long before war was declared. F. E. C.

You are a British citizen and must go through usual procedure to become naturalized American.

Seeks Citizenship.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inform me if I need second papers. I came to the United States in 1902. I was then nine years old. I have the naturalization laws, but they are not quite clear to a layman. L. L.

Unless your father became a citizen before you were of age it is necessary for you to take out both first and second papers to gain citizenship.

Seven Years.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me know what is the longest time first papers are good before making final application for citizenship. S. H.

Thursday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day did Feb. 18, 1904, fall? M. M.

Any Evening High School.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I get a course at night in typewriting? A. B.

Ruby Anniversary.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to know what kind of wedding anniversary one has when married forty years. E. M. B.

To the Rescue!

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WELL, have you been good children to-day?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yeth, sir," lisped the little girl.

"Willie, stop biting your nails!" cried Mrs. Jarr from across the room.

"Papa is very glad to hear that," said Mr. Jarr with parental graciousness. "Always be a good girl."

Mrs. Jarr gave a sniff across the room. "It's easy enough for you to come home and ask them if they have been good," she said; "but if they had been annoying the very life out of you all day you wouldn't be so placid. Emma! Straighten up! Dear me, I declare that child is getting stoop-shouldered, and the way she ankles in! Stand up straight! Can't you?

"Oh, the children are all right!" said Mr. Jarr good-naturedly, "they are not as bad as a lot of other children I know"——

"That's right! Encourage them!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It's no wonder I can do nothing with them!"

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Jarr. "We were young once, and we weren't angels."

"Willie, stop fidgeting!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You get me nervous!"

"I sometimes think we watch them too closely," said Mr. Jarr. "The best way is not to notice a whole lot of little things that amount to nothing. So many people keep nagging and nagging at their little children when they really are not doing any harm!"

"Well, that's one thing you can't accuse me of doing!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I want them to have nice manners and behave themselves, and to be neat and careful. But nagging at children only makes them worse. Emma, come here! Look at your hair ribbon! Did you go to school with that soiled ribbon on? Dear me! If I don't see to every little thing they'll disgrace me sure."

"I wath a dood little dirl at school!" said the little girl.

"I wish I could say the same about your behavior at home," said Mrs. Jarr. "You put the poor cat in the ice box!"

"Willie put her in de stove oven de odder day," said the little girl. "N' I took her out."

"I did not! I did not! Tattletale! Tattletale!" cried the boy.

"And they were late coming from school, said Mrs. Jarr. "I forgot about that."

"We stopped in at Rangles to play with Johnny Rangle and his sister."

"I told you not to run to people's houses!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"His mother wasn't home and they was kep in," said the boy.

"We seen them at the window," said the little girl, "and dey tailed for us to tome in, and nobody was home and dey was told not to go out."

"They looked awful funny," said the little boy. "They had been put to bed, but they had got out of bed and were playing Indians with the bedclothes."

"And dey had all spotty faces," said the little girl.'

"Well, you had no business going in without first asking my permission," said Mrs. Jarr. "Just for that I won't put this ten cents in your bank to buy new clothes for you."

Money not going into the bank for a future purpose did not appal the Jarr youngsters.

"Mary Rangle asted me to tome in; she wanted to div us sompin'," said the little girl.

"What did she want to give you?" asked the mother.

"She opened the window and hollered, 'Come in and dit de chicken pox,'" said the little girl.

Mrs. Jarr gave a shriek and rose up from the chair.

"Oh, why did you do that? WHY did you?" she wailed.

"Tause I like chickens," said the little girl, "but I didn't see any."

The Jarr children are now in quarantine.

They will not let my play run; yet they steal my thunder.—John Dennis.

To-Day's Anniversary

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the dean of American letters, was born just four-score years ago to-day at Martin's Ferry, O. Like his friend, the late Mark Twain, Mr. Howells gained the most valuable part of his education in a newspaper office.

Throughout the Civil War he was United States Consul at Venice, where he gained the material for such entertaining essays as "Italian Journeys" and "Venetian Life." On his return to America he was employed as an editorial writer by the New York Times and became a regular contributor to the New York Nation. From 1866 to 1881 he was associate editor and editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and in 1886 joined the staff of Harper's. For more than half a century he has been engaged in writing books, including novels, biographies, essays and poems.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland.

A MAN can forgive a woman every kind of lunacy except being crazy about him.

Many a girl has planted what she thought was the flower of love in a man's heart, only to see it grow up a bachelor's button.

One may be loved forever! It is the vain desire to go on being a "heart-breaker" after one's flirting days are over that constitutes the real tragedy of age.

A man regards a woman's love first as an unattainable dream, then as a boon, then as a blessing, then as a right, then as a matter of course—and, last, as a punishment.

Perpetual motion and "economic equality" in marriage are two beautiful and perfectly logical theories. The only trouble in the world with them is that they won't work.

Give money to a baby, advice to a friend, and a kiss to a man, for the pure joy of giving, if you want to—but don't expect to receive any gratitude for them.

Marrying a man who can even SEE another woman while he is courting you is deliberately placing your happiness on the bumpy edge of a see-saw.

A man's idea of "preserving the unities" is to find out what side of an argument his wife is on, and then take the other side, in order to keep it from sagging.

A bore is a square peg in a conversational round hole.

"Cave Woman" Wore First Bracelet

OF all the relics of barbarism descending through the ages to modern use, none, perhaps, shows less change than the bracelet. The bracelet worn by the women of the cave age, the women of the Pharoahs, the women of Greece and Rome and the bangle worn by the modern debutante at her "coming out" dance are much alike in general outline and design, the only difference being in respect of ornamentation.

Girls of prehistoric times enhanced their charms with armlets made of berries and beads; their successors of Egypt wore bracelets of plain or enamelled metal, while the women of the Hebrew race from the earliest ages have adorned their wrists with jewels of chased bronze or gold. Bracelets were among the love tokens sent by Isaac to Rebekah by the hands of Eleazer. In those days, too, men as well as women affected this kind of adornment, and in the museum at Leyden is a bracelet of pure gold worn by Thotmes III., who lived more than 4,000 years ago.

Probably the oldest bracelets in existence are those discovered by Prof. Petrie at Abydos a few years ago on the arm of the mummy of Teta, wife of King Zer of the first Egyptian dynasty, who reigned 4,700 years before the time of Christ. These bracelets, composed of amethysts, torquoise, gold beads and twisted gold coils, are almost complete parallels of those which may be seen to-day in the window of any jewelry store on Fifth Avenue.

By the Romans bracelets were first used as a reward for valor, Curtius Dantalus receiving no fewer than 160 of these decorations. Among the women of Rome as of Greece the craze for this form of adornment spread to an extent to call forth the condemnation of Cicero. From Rome some centuries after the Christian era the custom of bracelet wearing spread to Eastern Europe and thence to Britain. Edgar, best and wisest of the line of Saxon Kings, bestowed bracelets upon the men and women of his court, while the Danes, making peace with Alfred the Great, swore fidelity upon them. Through nearly ten centuries have bracelets in one form or another maintained a strong hold upon the affections of women, although until the time of Benvenuto Cellini they had been crudely simple in form and design.

The armlets of graceful shape produced by Cellini and his contemporaries, and in later generations by Ghiberti and Arditi, set the standard for the elaborate ornamental designs of to-day.

Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 7—NAPOLEON III.—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL TEACHER WHO BECAME EMPEROR.

A SOLEMN-FACED, stumpy Frenchman, ill dressed and in every way down-at-heel, plodded daily back and forth between his cubbyhole lodging-house room at Bordentown, N. J., and a nearby school.

The man bore the high-sounding name of "Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." His uncle had been Emperor of the French and the merciless tyrant of Europe. His grandfather had been a poverty-stricken Corsican lawyer. He himself was glad enough to get the few dollars a week that were doled out to him for teaching New Jersey children—who laughed at his foreign accent.

Queerly enough, though he was French by birth, he always spoke with a German accent which he had picked up as a child at Arenenberg (just as his uncle, the great Napoleon, always spoke with a strong Italian accent).

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—or "Louis," as he was generally known—had always longed to rule France. It was his one ambition. And it seemed as unlikely to come true as for a Chinaman to become President of the United States.

After the death of Napoleon's only son, Louis had pressed his own claim to the French throne. He had been ridiculed. Then he conspired. This time he received a contemptuous hint that it would be healthier for him to keep out of France. So he went to England. There, dead broke, he earned a scanty livelihood by serving as a special constable. In this capacity he was detailed to keep crowds from hanging around the front doors of London houses where dances or receptions were in progress.

A Penniless Exile.

All the while Louis was working on his conspiracy plots. When he thought the time was ripe to strike another blow for the throne he went to Strassburg and in true Napoleonic fashion tried to induce the French garrison there to revolt. The revolt was a fizzle. Louis was arrested. The Government did not bother to honor him with a trial. The only wish was to get rid of him as a pest. So he was sent aboard a ship and packed off to America.

He landed in New York early in 1837 and went to Bordentown, N. J., where several of his relatives had lived during periods of exile. There, to keep from starving, he taught school, until such time as he might dare to go back by stealth to France.

If ever a man could be called a failure, the sorry title surely belonged to Louis at this time. Without money, without hope, an exile, his royal pretensions treated as a joke, a long prison term ahead of him, he had every needful qualification for the "Down and Out Club." All this was in 1837. In 1852 Louis was Emperor of the French.

Returning to France and trying to start another insurrection, he was captured, and this time he was sent to prison for life. At the end of six years he escaped and made his way to England.

A Swift Rise to Power.

There, threadbare and hungry, he stayed until he could pull wires to make the French Government let him enter France. Arriving in Paris, he was elected to the Assembly. Steadily he gained in popularity until he made himself President of the French Republic.

Still Louis was not satisfied. He had set his heart on a crown. A Presidency to him was only a stepping stone. As soon as he was strong enough he overthrew the French Republic (which, by the way, he had taken a solemn oath to uphold) and had the form of Government changed to an empire.

Then he mounted the throne as Emperor of the French. For nearly twenty years he ruled. But his reign, built on lies and perjury and treachery, crumbled beneath the German onslaught in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Like his uncle, he lived to learn that a power which is reared on a foundation of heartless selfishness can never endure.

Mothers of American Patriots

By Lafayette McLaws

Jane Randolph, Mother of Thomas Jefferson.

UNLIKE the mothers of a majority of our American patriots, Jane Randolph was born and brought up with all the comforts and advantages that great wealth can secure. She was the daughter of Isham Randolph, the master of Dungeness on the James, one of the most extensive and valuable of our colonial plantations.

Though born while her parents were visiting in Shadwell, England, Jane Randolph spent most of her girlhood at Dungeness. Here her parents are described as having lived in almost "barbaric splendor," having more than one hundred slaves employed about the house alone. She married when quite young and though Shadwell, the home built by Mr. Jefferson to receive his bride and named in honor of the place of her birth, was nearer the frontier it was far from being an humble home.

Five years after their marriage their eldest son, Thomas Jefferson, was born at Shadwell. Fourteen years later Jane Jefferson was left a widow with six daughters, two sons and a large property to manage. She is said to have devoted herself to the task with a devotion which caused her gay friends living in and nearer Williamsburg to remonstrate with her. At that time Washington City, the capital of the nation, took lessons of Williamsburg.

What reply Jane Jefferson made to the remonstrances of her fashionable friends is not recorded, but certain it is that she never again took part in their gayeties. Remaining on her plantation, she continued to devote herself to caring for her family and her estate.

It was from his mother that Thomas Jefferson inherited his cheerful, hopeful temper, his love of music and of nature. She is said to have given him his first lessons on the violin. Though she never shared the popular prejudice about that instrument, to the day of her death she would never allow her eldest son to play it in her house on Sunday.

She is asknowledged to have been a woman of clear and strong understanding. Though the possession of abundant means took off her shoulders the actual constant care of her children she was both a devoted wife and mother. She died at fifty-seven years of age.

While You Wait For the Doctor

Earache and Toothache.

OFTEN what doctors call minor illnesses cause more pain and suffering for the time being than really serious maladies. Perhaps the most prevalent of these ills at this time of year is earache. Children are especially subject to this. Make sure that there is not a strong draught blowing on the head of the bed where the child sleeps. Put up a screen to ward off draughts, but do not shut the window, for fresh air is absolutely necessary. Or, if the child sleeps out in a sleeping porch, wrap up the head and ears well.

If in spite of all precautions an earache comes on, hold a tablespoon containing a scant teaspoonful of olive oil over the gas for a moment until the oil is as hot as the finger can bear, and then pour this into the ear and put in a bit of absorbent cotton to prevent the oil staining the pillow. Then half fill a hot water bag, cover it with a folded towel or a piece of cotton flannel and let the child lie down with the ear upon this. If the pain still continues one drop of laudanum may be dropped into the ear with a medicine dropper.

If you keep your teeth in good condition you are not apt to have toothache, but every once in awhile a cavity may be overlooked that will make trouble. It is natural when darting pain begins to run up through the jaw to go for the hot water bag, that universal household remedy, but the best dentists tell us nowadays that we ought not to do this, as it may bring the abscess or ulcer, if any is present, out through the jaw or even the cheek and cause a good deal of unnecessary trouble. If there is a cavity in the tooth that can be reached saturate a tiny piece of absorbent cotton with a drop or two of oil of cloves and with the point of a long pin pack gently into the cavity. This usually brings some relief. Try not to swallow any of the oil of cloves. It is not poisonous, but it is certainly not wholesome.

How Pike's Peak Got Its Name.

NOT many men have had a mountain named after them, and few of even the greatest of the earth have been accorded a monument so magnificent as "Zeb" Pike, a comparatively humble soldier who was born in Lamberton, N. J., 138 years ago and died in battle in Canada when he was thirty-four. The famous mountain of the Rockies, Pike's Peak, was discovered by him, and given his name by popular consent in spite of the attempts of the Government to designate it as James Peak. The Colorado pioneers refused to call the mighty sentinel of the Rockies by any other name than that of its discoverer, and the Government was at length forced to yield the point.

It is interesting to recall that Pike predicted that no human being could ever reach the top of the peak he discovered. In 1815, however, the feat was accomplished by Dr. Long, and now a railroad carries tourists to the top of the great mountain.

INDIA—of which an American commercial traveler has said that it seems "like a bottomless pit into which supplies may be sent in an endless stream"—annually consumes American products valued at less than four cents per capita. India has a population of $15,000,000.